

107c
Thalia Lacrimans

A Funeral Poem
TO THE
MEMORY
OF THE
HONOUR'D
Lytton Lytton Esq;

By E. Settle.

-*Spes unica, tune*
Perdenda es—

L O N D O N,

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THE NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES

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HONORABLE

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A Funeral Poem &c.

IN these sad Rites assist ye sacred Nine,
All melting Eyes these *Obsequies* must join.
A genuine Fount does here your Tears supply,
The MUSES mourn to see the GRACES dye.
When this laid Head on his cold Pillow rests,
The *Muses* here, in course, are Funeral Guests.
Their scatter'd Roses on his Mon'ment layd,
Sweets to the *Sweet* are natural Tribute pay'd.
This is the Task their Ministring Duty calls.
Oh; they're no Strangers in the KNEBWORTH Walls:
There was a Day--- yes, LYTTON, 'tis not long
Since their charm'd Choir tun'd a more pleasing Song.
It was ev'n but Yesterday (no more than Five
Revolving Moons are past) when call'd to drive
Love's proud Triumphant Carre, nay call'd to Live;
(For what's true Life but Love!) just rais'd to twine
Thy hallow'd Garland, *Hymen's Wreath Divine*; What

What Songs what Raptures did that Theme inspire,
The *Muses* all but one *Seraphick Choir*;
Whilst to their *Airs* the ecchoing *Groves* all rung;
And all was **LYTTON, LYTTON's JOYS** they sung.

Justly so high the *Bridal Transports* rode.
Not Day's bright *Charioteer*, their *Patron GOD*,
Eye of the *World*, in his whole spacious *Round*
A *Happier* (oh too short join'd) **PAIR** e'er found.
Nor all the *Musick* of his circled *Spheres*
Could ever tune to *Harmony* like *Theirs*.
But oh, that *Storm*, that angry *Bolt* now falls—
Yes **LYTTON**, from thy **KNEBWORTH's** once gay *Walls*
That *Festival of Joy* is all past o'er;
Hymen's sweet *Voice* heard in that *Roof* no more.
Too rapid *Turn of Fate*, *Love's* short liv'd *Smile*!
Thy *Nuptial Torch* even lights thy *Funeral Pile*.

Here if my trembling *Muse* may dare intrude,
And with bold *Eyes* not too profanely rude
To pry in such retiring *Solitude*,

View

View the sweet MOURNER's **Widow'd-Cell**, see there
The sable **Shades** that shrowd th' Afflicted **FAIR** ;
Hither, my *Muse*, with awful Homage led,
See with pale Lips, wan Cheeks, and languid Head,
The pious Rites of Bridal Sorrow paid ;
Stretcht on cold Earth even mourning Beauty layd.

Oh LYTTON, LYTTON, when this MOURNER turnes
Her beauteous Eyes to **Charnels Tombs** and **Urnes**,
Pours forth the throbbing Sighs from her soft Breast
All to deaf Winds, unheard, and unredrest:
So lov'd, so mourn'd-- At thy sad Obsequies
These these the wringing Hands and streaming Eyes,
Such pious Complaints shall scale thy Bows of Bliss,
Mount to thy very Throne of Paradise ;
Till ev'n amidst thy new Eternal Joys
Thy tender Ear touch'd with that mournful Voice,
From thy High Orb Thou shalt with pain look down
To see the *trickling Pearle* thy Herse shall crown.

Yes LYTTON, from these Eyes what Tears must fall !
Thy Joys once Partner, Life's best Half ; thy ALL

On this side Heav'n most Dear -

-- But hold. Thy Song

Dwells, my bold *Muse*, on these sad Rites too long.

The Conjugal too deep Afflictions bar

All Eyes, t' approach their *mourning Cell* too far.

Here stop then, nor, in generous Pity dare

To touch such tender *Bleeding Wounds* too near

Retire then from these Eyes of Grief, and now

View the dark **CLOUD** that wraps an *Elder BROW*.

Say what has the *Maternal MOURNER* felt

That weeping *Niobe* how must she melt!

This Darling *Branch* by too relentless Doom

From her own *ROOT* cropt in his *Vernal Bloom*;

Oh think how gloomy an *Ascendant* reigns,

O'er the sad Fount of such *expiring Veins*.

So wounded *Vines* pour a long weeping Stream,

Till the sick *Root* dyes through the bleeding Stem.

But here too dire **Destruction** wounds so deep,

That not alone the **BRIDE** or **MATRON** weep.

The

The *Funeral* PLEFY pay'd in thy own Root,
Thy native LYTTON *Founts* are not enough.
The *Conjugal* or the *Parental* Eye
Cannot alone the streaming Grief supply.
Ev'n LOVE it self mournes here; so damp't the JOY.
It drew down Tears from the *Immortal* BOY.

Vain *Poets*, who to LOVE make Temples rise,
Give him a *Godhead*, yet deny him *Eyes*.
Alas, can LOVE be blind - can that bright Pow'r
Want Sight! Ah no, the God had Eyes too sure.
Eyes that look'd down all pleas'd to see such Charms,
Such Bridal Sweetness lodg'd in those blest Arms;
All pleas'd to see the happy LYTTON-Pair:
No Hymeneal Morn e'er rose more fair.
With Eyes all smiling on those HEADS he shined;
Till at this *parting Blow* he wept 'em blind.

Oh thou dread *Tyrant* to the Fair and Young,
On thy dark Walls of *Death* those barbarous Trophies hung.
Thou

Thou dire **Disease**, what Ravage hast thou made
By **Terrours** baleful King too fatally ob'y'd!
So often have thy too malignant **Shafts**,
Of blooming **Veins** drank those deep sanguine **Draughts**!
Thou, who not weeping **FAMILIES** alone,
But hast ev'n made whole mourning **KINGDOMS** groan;
Thine thine the **Stroke**, which to sad **ALBION**'s cost,
Both her **MARIA** and her **GLOC'STER** lost.
Alas thou keen **Destroyer**, thou hast shed,
Thy **Wrath**'s too dreadful *Vial* on this **HEAD**.

Yes, Darling **LYTTON**, with devoted **Eyes**,
How have Two fair concentring **FAMILIES**,
For all their promis'd Joys look'd up to see,
Their **HONOUR**, **HOPE**s, **VEINS**, **LIFE**, all summ'd in Thee.
What fragrant **INCENSE** had their **Vows** long paid;
For thee their **Court** to **Earth** and **Heaven** they made.
'Twas thus to proud **St. Stephen's Walls**, to **ANNE**,
And **ANNE**'s five Hundred **DELPHIC Heads** they ran,
All humble **Suppliants** at their **ORACLE**,
For the kind **SCEPTER**'s Touch, that hallow'd Seal,

To

To stamp thy very NAME -- But oh in vain,
Did the High Heav'ns *Vicegerent Voice* ordain.
For; oh, a louring **Destiny** stept forth,
A dark Ascendant at the *LITTON-BIRTH*,
And *ANNA's* fair *Creation Work* all crost,
Her sacred *Fiat* dash'd; and ev'n that NAME's now lost,

Think, then, my *Muse*, what wailing Eyes must turn }
With such defeated Hopes & a *LITTON's* Urne? }
Ev'n a whole sinking *RACE* this Loss must mourn: }
The very **GORDIAN** of their *VEINS* all broke,
At this too frightful Dissolution-stroke.

But, oh, in Pity to such bleeding Tears,
Would the whole *Nine*, with their consoling *Airs*,
Try all their powerfullst *Harmony* & allay,
The streaming **Sorrows** of this fatal Day;
Bid each wet Eye which this just *Tribute* sheds,
Look higher, up ev'n to *Imperial Heads*,
To the most wretched some small Ease is given,
To think they're not the *single* Mark of Heav'n.

C

Alas,

Alas, this *LYTTON-Blow* is all no more,
Then what *BRITANNIA's* Throne has felt before.
Behold the *Exits* from her *Royal Stage* :
How has our mourning World seen in one Age
Diviner NAMES to their sad Period draw :
No less *Extinct* the *STUART* and *NASSAU*.

Thus far my Muse, thy melancholy Verse
Draws but the *Shades*, the *Mournings* round his *Herse*.
Assume a sprightlier Pencil Task ; essay
That lovelier Draught-work, his fair *LIFE's* Display.
Yes, through that Beauteous Scene's bright Prospect led,
To paint him Living best can mourn him Dead.

Sing, how we have seen (and oh ! but only seen,
So transient has the glorious Vision been)
Best *HUSBAND*, *MASTER*, *FRIEND*--could'st thou thro' each
Of those fair *Classes* his full Lustre reach.
In the rich Piece the whole great *LYTTON* shown :
His *Social VIRTUES* not so bright alone.

No

No lets serene his sweet Despotick Sway,
As Angels serve in Heav'n, 'twas Clory to obey.
And when, my Muse, thy duteous Homage calls
Thy Entry into his Domestick Walls:
Behold him there; ay, there the LYTTON shin'd
Profusely Good, Magnificently Kind.
So warm his gracious Favours ran; A Breast
And Arms so open, even t' his humblest Guest,
His very Smiles a Feast, and where he cheer'd, he blest.

But are his *Hospitable* Smiles enough?
Look higher still, t' his *Charitable* Roof.
To laughing FRINDS a well fill'd Table spread,
And the rich Feast's kind Founder at their Head,
The Goblet with the smiling Juice goes round,
In their uplifted Hands ev'n but half crown'd.
The noblest sparkling Smile, is when the Bowl,
Meets the parcht Lips of the poor thirsty Soul.
And those Benigner Smiles the Bread supply,
To reliev'd *Want*, and succour'd *Misery*.

The

The *kitchen* warmth, to such cheer'd Mouths, aspires
 To perfume Heav'n, like Mounting *Altar Fires*.
 Let this Diviner Theme th *URANIA* call,
 To view the *humbler Clients* of his Hall.
 Oh *CHARITY*, what Monuments dost thou build!
 What *hungry Heads* has boⁿⁿteous *LYTTON* fill'd?
 Thro' his warme Breast the good *Samaritane*,
 Ev'n his whole transmigrated Genius ran.
LYTTON so taught in Pity's tender School,
 Kind as the *Angel* at *Bethesda's Pool*.

Here here my *Muse*, to make his Funeral shine,
 See see the Hands joyn'd in these Rites Divine.
 His *FRIENDS* or *FAMILIE's* rich Odours spread
 Their scatter'd Sweets strew'd o'er that dying Head
 Are all but his Domestick Tribute paid.
 For even yet Richer Piles of Incense, turne,
 To all these Thousand Mourners at his Urne.
 'Tis the *fed Mouths* the Sighs and Tears they bring,
 'Tis they the noblest *Dirge* of *HONOUR* sing.

'Tis

,Tis thus his MEMORY his Dust survives,
So sung he dyed ; so ne'er forgot he lives.

When *Greatness* only dyes, our Eyes half wet,
'Tis but feint Dew falls when such Glories set.
But when true Sorrow swells the Briny Flood,
It is not for the Great, but *Great* and *Good*.

Ay, there's the true felt Grief: That *Babel* Sound
Does all the Languages of Joy confound.

Such the dash'd Joy does LYTTON's Loss supply ;
When all that most deserv'd to Live must Dye.

A Temper so serene, so sweet an Air,
All that cou'd Conversation charm smil'd there.

So fair a MIND did that rich Breast inspire,

Prometheus never stole such Heav'nly Fire.

Thou Fall of Angels *Bride*, hadst thou been driven,
Shame of both Worlds, shut out from Earth and Heav'n,
As far as from the LYTTON-Roof ; nor there,
Proud *Lucifer*, nor prouder *Lewis* here,

D

Had

Had 'gainst the Universal Peace conspir'd ;
No Lust of Pow'r, had then th' Aspirer fir'd.
Nor had **Ambitions** just **Avenging** Blow,
There rous'd a **MICHAEL**, here a **MARLBOROUGH**.

Yes **LYTTON**, with thy tuneful Genius blest,
Thy Bosome sure was all one *Halcyon Nest*.
HUMANITY ev'n to that Height refin'd ;
That certainly if the Angelick Kind
Their *Beatifick Lustre* would resign,
And to our Eyes in mortal Converse joyn ;
What ever their Divine Address might be,
They'd copy sure their Humane Airs from Thee.

So when some dreadful Conflagration pours,
Its flaming Torrent oe'r the sacred Towers
Of some tall Dome, wrapt in one spreading Blaze ;
With helpless Hands and trickling Eyes we gaze.
But, oh, not half the Sighs and Tears we call,
Only to see the tumbling Fabrick Fall.

No,

No, when our Eyes to th' inmost Treasure turne,
And see the *RAPHAEL* and the *TITIAN* burne;
The Riches of the Pencil and the Loom,
The Orient Sparkle, and the Tyrian Bloom;
The cracking *Porphyry*, and melting Gold,
All in one swallowing Ruine to behold;
Then the drown'd Eyes we to this Object turne,
'Tis with such Grief, we the lost *LYTTON* mourne.
Such was the Conflagration at His Urne.

But why, my Muse, do these sad Notes display,
So dark a Night to *VIRTUE*'s setting Day!
What tho' his *KNEBWORTH* saw that low-layd Head,
With that Magnificence of Sorrow led
To his long Sleep, and his too early Bed;
Such August Rites, and pompous Obsequies.
So mournes fair *PIETY* when *HONOUR* dyes.
In their cold Tomb thus his great *RELIQUES* layd,
No *Conjugal* just Debt more Nobly payd.

Buc

But whilst, URANIA, thy sad Numbers flow,
To chant this rich Solemnity of **Woe**.
What tho' his Herse in rueful Cypress move;
Look up to his Diviner Rites above:
His Herse has but this humbler Task assign'd,
To drag the coarser Earth he leaves behind.
And all our sullen fable Weeds of Night,
Are only Foils to his Immortal Light.
Is not his brighter Half in JOYS enstall'd!
Then let his solemn Funeral Pomp be call'd.
No Rites of Death too Great - let Tapers blaze,
Let Temples shine, and dazled Wonder Gaze.
Yes, let his Cavalcade of Honour move,
Far short of his great Rites perform'd above.
Next let the lab'ring *Statuary* joyn
His noblest Art, these Ashes to enshrine.
To *fragrant* MEMORIES so much we owe;
Ev'n *Mausoleum*- Piles are Tombs too low.

FINIS

